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ton, we have only to say that she is just as pretty in citizen's dress—isn't that right—as she is on the stage, and that is saying a great deal.

While we were looking at that, we also noticed that the orchestra was full, and that Mollenhauer looked anxious.

Getting over the song, we began to realize the fact that something was going on from the circumstance that Wheatley was on the stage, in person, that Harry Palmer was there also—more than in person—and that Vincent looked haggard, and was in several spots at once. We gazed upon a confused multitude swarming all over the stage, and out into the body of the house, and concluded to make some attempt to count it up. The result was about as follows:

Ballet girls—counting legs and all—about 200—Children—from one year old, up to twelve when they became women and men—300.—Other people 150.

Perhaps some may object to this count, but we think we can count even if we can't do anything else, and that was about the number of humans that swarmed on the stage at the rehearsal of the "White Fawn." As a natural inquiry, it will be asked "What were they doing?" There is exactly where we are at fault, but when we say that from 2 P. M. until 4 A. M., which is 14 hours, we looked at them, and looked with interest, then they must have been doing something.

There was the ballet in every variety of form, from the beautiful creature in pink tights and gauze, shortskirts, who disdained to tread the boards—even at rehearsal—unless in full dress, down to the modest, pretty faced girl, in her every day working dress and shabby bonnet, who came for the \$6 per week and all dresses found—a sum, that as contrasted with the petty pay of work-shops and stores, is a fortune—and who keeps aloof from the crowd, but is always responsive to the ballet master's call. And in all this crowd of 200, what a study is there. Some that will make the future mothers of our country, perhaps—in spite, Mr. Moralist, of your objecting sneer—to fill the very highest stations in the land, and be represented by their children upon the senatorial benches, or the Presidential chair itself, and some, alas! who will sink to the lowest human grade and fall.

"Like the snow flakes from Heaven to—hell,"

and date, perhaps, their first step from this very association, which does not argue against the association, but against society which constitutes laws and customs, by which such a fall can be ruinous.

And next come the children. We travel about among them and wonder where, or by what mechanism, the management can gather together such a family. Here are infants of every shade and color. Little nondescripts,

such as we have never seen in the streets, or in any houses that we have visited. Children who seem like elves, or like old people; with a weird look out of the eyes, or with aged faces and shriveled hands. Children who have known what hunger means, and who never ate a *pate de foi gras* in their lives, or drank a bottle of Chambertin. Children who have beautiful blue eyes and clear skins, and who look up in wonder when spoken to, and—strangest of all—fall as naturally into the drill-master's hands, who makes angels or demons of them as easily, according to the exigencies of the piece, as though they had been practicing all their lives. Children with quaint clothing that shows the handiwork of some tailor far off in the German or Irish land, and children the very cut of whose clothes, and the expression of whose faces, says some sympathetic words about the home that once cherished them in luxury, perhaps, but certainly in comfort that did look forward to, or dream of this night upon the stage.

Under the hands of their encouraging drill-masters the little ones go through wonderful manoeuvres that seem impossible when thought of in connection with such puppets; and amid marches, countermarches, charges, fallings back, and fallings down, are in a moment mixed up with the ballet, and a mob of full grown bipeds, who will, without doubt, be transformed into gorgeous knights, heralds, or monarchs even, as the caterpillar makes the butterfly, at the command of the indomitable Vincent.

As these representatives of infancy crawl on to the stage, like so many termites, they are seized by the not ungentle hands of manager, stage manager, ballet master and subs, and in an instant order comes out of chaos, but order that is only understood by those interested. The outsider sees only a bunch of humans, diminutive and noisy, and wonders how out of this can come the wondrous spectacle that will charm his eyes and ears a week hence. He sees the shabby cory-phaee, and in spite of her pretty face and well made legs, wonders how such material can be kneaded and mixed into the palatable cake that will be offered in such a few days. And yet from this crude mass must come one of the most beautiful theatrical spectacles ever seen in the world. From it will be evolved fairies, demons, kings, knights in armor, beautiful ladies, and every form the human shape can occupy; while from the "clink of hammers closing rivets up," and the determined clatter of workmen in every grade of mechanics, keeping time, always, to the jargon of voices, there is a promise of something wondrous to us next Wednesday night, in the White Fawn.

It is hard to make any, not familiar with theatres, understand the meaning of getting

up such a piece as this, but a glance at a rehearsal ought to make them know it. To say nothing of the intense brain and bodily labor, carried through twenty hours of the day, some understanding can be arrived at when it is known that the expenditure, as it is now going, is equal to \$5,000 per day, and that the whole piece will cost, when the curtain goes up next Wednesday night, so close to \$100,000 that there is no fun in it—not the piece—but the financial reckoning.

Next week we shall say what we think of it before the curtain.

EDITORIAL ITEMS.

MR. GEORGE W. MORGAN has left the city for a few days, having been engaged to open an organ in Albany. Towards the end of the present month he will display a very large, and, by all accounts, a very beautiful organ, made by the Hooks, of Boston, and erected by them in New Haven. Mr. Morgan's services are in constant demand in every section of the country, when people want to hear new organs to the best advantage, for he is unrivalled in this country in perfect control over all the resources of the king of instruments. By the by, what is the reason that we never hear Mr. Morgan at the Sunday evening concerts, or the other concerts? Is there any screw loose? Is there a small break in the sacred circle of the "ring?"

THE YOUNG AND RISING CONTRALTO, Miss Antonia Henne, made a brilliant success at the last Sunday Evening Concert. She was encored in all she sang. After Mercadante's Aria she sang a new ballad with such fine taste and expression, that the enthusiastic applause would have warranted its repetition. It shows off her beautiful voice to great advantage. She also received a hearty encore for her singing Schubert's Wanderer. Notwithstanding Miss Henne's decided success with the public, the sagacious writer in the N. Y. *Herald* pronounced her a failure, and generously omitted to state that she was really three times encored. We suppose this lady is outside the "ring." The writer in the *Tribune* also displays great critical acumen by specially distinguishing the high notes of a contralto voice. These reliable writers went into ecstasies recently over an Aria announced for, but not sung by Parepa. Criticising without being present is a dangerous system, although it considerably lightens the personal labor.

DECKER BROTHERS. — The elder of the Decker Brothers, who left last summer for a visit to Europe, has just returned. He went away an irresponsible single-Decker, but comes back a responsible double-Decker, for he took a snap-judgment upon Time, and added to his pleasure trip a bridal tour. In point of fact, Mr. Decker has been and

gone and got married, and has brought his fair wife home with him. We, in common with all his friends, sincerely congratulate him, and wish success and happiness to the new partnership.

Madame Vanzini, our Madame Jenny Van Zandt, has made a brilliant success at Milan, where she is now fulfilling a six months' engagement. She had the honor of opening the season there, on which occasion the immense La Scala Theatre was crowded from pit to dome by the elite of the city, and that exacting and critical audience gave a unanimous verdict in her favor, calling her repeatedly before the curtain, and awarding her all the honors of a triumphant debut. On each subsequent appearance—and she appeared many nights successively—she met the same brilliant reception and the same unqualified success. We have seen a dozen of the Italian journals, political, musical, and theatrical, and all of them award her high and enthusiastic praise. Madame Jenny Van Zandt is another art contribution from America to Europe, of whom both continents may be proud.

THE LIEDERKRANZ SOCIETY will give a Concert at Irving Hall, on Sunday evening, Jan. 19th.

PIKE'S NEW CONCERT HALL attached to his beautiful Opera House, will soon be opened to the public. It will certainly divert the stream of concert visitors from the present locality, and as it is not a close corporation, all classes of artists will use it.

THE NEW GRAND PIANOS of Steck & Co. are creating a great sensation in musical circles. They have just turned out a second Grand Piano on the new scale, and we are constrained to say that it is superior to the first in many essential points. It possesses the same power and brilliance, but the quality is more exquisitely refined, and the touch is even more elastic and prompt. They are both magnificent instruments, masterpieces in their construction, meeting all the wants of concert pianists, and will give unbounded eclat to the house of George Steck & Co.

OUR FULL NOTICE of Bristow's new Oratorio, "Daniel," is unavoidably postponed until our next issue.

FIRST CONCERT OF THE NATIONAL CONSERVATORY.—The first Concert of the National Conservatory, in Madison avenue, near Twenty-seventh street, for the season 1868, takes place this evening, Saturday, 11th inst. The directors have secured the services of the following eminent artists; Miss Jenny Bull, Messrs. Severini, Romeyn, I. B. Poznanski, J. N. Pattison, Dressler, and Campi. A fine Concert may be anticipated. The pupils of the Conservatory will be admitted free.

LITERATURE.

The Atlantic Almanac for 1868, published at the office of the Atlantic Monthly, by Ticknor & Fields, is every way creditable to the reputation of their establishment. It has a large, fine, open page, and is printed in fine type on excellent paper. The whole typographical appearance is admirable. It is edited by Oliver Wendell Holmes and Donald G. Mitchell, who contribute to its columns and have associated a host of well-known names in poetry and prose with their own as contributors to the work. Among those who have furnished original articles are Gail Hamilton, O. W. Holmes, G. W. Curtis, D. G. Mitchell, Mrs. Agassiz, Hawthorn, T. B. Aldrich, E. K. Allen and the author of "A Man without a Country."

The headings to Calendars are by Hoppin, Fenn, Darley, G. G. White, Sheppard, Hitchcock, Perkins and Ehninger. The Fine Art illustrations are by McEntee, Eyttinge, Coleman, Barry, Du Maurier and H. Fenn. The colored illustrations of the four Seasons are executed by Bobbett and Hooper from designs by A. F. Bellows, and are excellent specimens of an art which is as yet in its beginning. The general information is both copious and useful, and to harmonize the whole, a beautiful song by J. R. Thomas closes a most attractive almanac for 1868.

MUSICAL ITEMS.

It seems that the Theatre-Italien is not so near its death as many have supposed it to be. A new baritone, a Mr. Steller, has appeared and reconstructed the opera, and crowned himself with glory. He appeared as the Duke in Lucrezia Borgia, and created a perfect furore. But this Mr. Bagier thought not sufficient, so he produced Ernani, with Patti as Elvira. This Mr. Steller has a splendid voice, is a magnificent actor, has a perfect method, in fact an artist like those of the Salle Ventadour, in "The days of yore," and should he justify the present impression, he will doubtless become the lion of the season at the Italian opera, as Patti is the lioness. Le Menestral says that the musical tones of the charming lioness compel all to succumb, particularly when the poignard glistens in her hand. Words fail to express the effect she makes in Elvira; it must be seen and heard to be appreciated. Of course it would be useless to say that there were not some doubts of even La Diva in such a heavy part, for who could fancy the sparkling, volatile Rosina turned into a tragedy queen. But her rendering of the first cavatina satisfied every one. Never has it been sung with such passionate abandon—such brio is rarely seen. Our next surprise will be, no doubt, to see our espiegle Rosina transformed into a Semiramide.

Mdlle. Brunot-Lafleur has made a very successful debut in *Le Domino Noir*. She has a very beautiful voice, and understands how to use it. She was a pupil of the Conservatoire.

At the Grand Opera there is nothing but Hamlet. At the Lyrique, "La Jolie Fille de Perth." At the Bouffes Parisiens they are playing the joint production of three minds, entitled "La Voyage autour du Demi-Monde. MM. Thiers, Koning and Romanville are its parents.

Offenbach is engaged on his *Genevieve de Brabant*. He has remodelled the vocal and orchestral corps of *Menu-Plaisirs*, the theatre built in his honor.

FERRARA.—Sig. Pedrotti's opera, *Tutti in Maschera*, has been produced with success.



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